

HARRY'S PICTURE.

Daylight was slowly fading; crimson flames shined from the west as Harry Stewart stood, looking about him at the gleaming stones in the little country graveyard, to which no more tender feelings than curiosity had brought him, a stranger.

"I suppose that fifty or sixty years hence I will be sleeping as quietly as any of these poor fellows," he said to himself, with a careless smile, and then a sudden burst of music reached him, coming unmistakably from the church that stood like a guardian over the resting places of the dead.

It rose grandly on the afternoon air, and dying in a low, slow wail, thrilled the young man's heart as he stood listening.

"The sweet strains seem shaken by a blast of feeling," he murmured. "How the full notes quivered! But who can the musician be?"

Then he stood erect, listened with his whole soul, for again the slow wail of music stole around him, the tune accompanied by a voice of marvelous power and pathos, such as he had seldom heard, the equal of, even among the queens of song.

It was not a sacred melody, but a wild ballad of passionate feeling that held him of coming despair, for many long months afterward the young artist was haunted by the saddest refrain.

"I must see the face of such a singer," Harry thought, sinking to the shadow of one of the great trees that stood sentinel above the grave. "Unless I am mistaken it is worthy the brush of a master."

The strains had died and the church door slowly opened. As Harry saw the figure that emerged into the fading daylight he was conscious of disappointment.

Could that be the singer whose voice had touched his heart? The tall, slender, pale girl, about whose dark Southern eyes there were such dusky rings, and whose carved lips were so colorless that they might belong to a corpse?

Disease or deep grief had robbed her of the light grace of girlhood; her movements were weary, as, after standing a moment in the church door, she slowly walked across the path, and, pausing at a new-made grave, knelt beside it, burying her white face in her hands.

Harry turned away, not wanting her to know that there had been a witness to her grief, and yet he gave a backward glance from the low gate, and thrilled with pity as he noticed that the slender figure was shaken by the bitter sob.

He did not tarry in the tiny village; the sketches he had come to make were completed, and the following day saw him on board a train that would bear him on once more to the busy life and restless humors of his city home; but he carried with him a sketch of the kneeling figure in the graveyard.

Somewhat, as time went on, he found himself so haunted by that scene that he put it on his canvas, and before another autumn brought on the decay of decay it hung on the wall of his studio, and he had refused all offers for its purchase.

It was all there—the line of hills in the distance, the setting sun casting its last shadow over hill and valley, and the spire of the rustic church of old gray stone, around which a luxuriant ivy twined its verdure. The white stones in the graveyard gleamed here and there, and over a mound, on which lay freshly-gathered flowers, knelt the young girl, with her head bowed, and her hands clasped in prayer.

He had painted the dark face with masterly skill, for it had clung to him like a spell; as he had it that autumn day, pale, sorrowful, almost ghastly, so it was lifted for the last touch of the setting sun. Distant from the kneeling figure, a fair and aristocratic and careless; and the calm of his unmoved face contrasted strongly with the bitter grief upon that of the girl, and all who saw the picture turned steadily toward the artist, for the calm watcher had no careless grace as he whose brush had painted it.

Four years had passed since Harry Stewart had listened to the rich tones of the unconscious singer, and now, as he ran lightly down the steps of his valley, dressed in the same careless aristocrat who used his talents for his pastime.

Half an hour later he entered the parlors of Mrs. Clare, and was received as a favorite guest by that leader of society, and, lounging lazily through the throng, he suddenly drew aside and stood in the shadow of a heavy curtain, feasting his eyes upon the most beautiful face he had ever seen.

Under the full blaze of the chandelier stood the woman of men her eyes were turned to him, until his hand curled; it did not curl now, as he noted, with kindling eyes, the dark, queenly beauty of Eleanor Kennedy.

Her delicate lips were smiling, her eyes burning with soft, tender fire, her white teeth flashing in the sunlight; beautiful, he thought her—more beautiful in her rich robes of palest pink, with roses on her bosom and jewels on her arm; and from the moment when, bending his blonde head at the introduction of his friend, Harry Stewart, art received a smile from the dark-eyed stranger, he owned his heart no more!

He neglected his painting and lost all desire for fame, forgot how dear his art had been to him, and but lived in the hope of winning Eleanor's love.

And she? Without actually encouraging him, she was always kind; and as time went by his hopes grew, and between the girl he loved and his only sister a warm friendship was forming. Eleanor Stewart, with her sunny smiles and golden hair, admired the dark beauty of Eleanor, and to the calm, proud stranger, there was something very winning in Bella's gay girlhood.

And thus it came that Eleanor at last saw the picture which Harry so prized. She stood long before it, looking very pale and trembling slightly, and then turning to the artist, who was at her side, she spoke slowly and sadly.

"Every detail is so perfect," she said, "that I almost feel it all once more. Mr. Stewart, I must have this picture."

"You know the scene?" she asked. "I have seen you know the girl. I have declined to part with that. I hardly know why; but I saw as you see her there, five years ago. I would have much for the history of this girl, whom I saw but once. She had haunted me ever since."

"I can give it to you," Eleanor said, her tones very sad and slow. "She loved so well, so truly, and God took her; that is his grave. Mr. Stewart, and it was I who knelt there."

"You," with paling cheek, "then you have loved Eleanor?"

"Loved?" she said, still very sadly. "Yes, loved with my whole heart, heart, heart! Heaven, how I loved her! That grave! I have not yet ceased to mourn! And how bitterly it all comes back to me now at the sight of that little graveyard!"

She wrung her white hands, standing before the canvas; and the artist knelt at last, why the face he had painted had gone with him through five long years; it was written against his life that he should love that unconscious knower, with the only love of his manhood; and, as he stood beside her, watching her blanched cheek and sorrowing eyes, he hoped he had bidden fall, one by one, at this life.

The following day he sent her the picture, and in a week had left his home, his friends,

his art, to roam among the scenes that might bring him forgetfulness. A year, and he returned. And when Bella gave him sisterly welcome another white hand was held out to him, the touch of which would thrill him to the soul. And Eleanor Kennedy was his sister's guest.

From that time he wooed her as men might woo a queen, and although his wife's dark eyes will take a brooding shadow at sight of that picture of her lover's grave, yet she loves him well to-day. And the artist almost worships his beautiful Eleanor, whose heart had been so warm for another, and whose best love lies in a distant grave, though she is a tender and gentle wife.

Appellate Courts.
(Communicated.)

It seems conceded that a necessity exists for an Appellate Court. The views of correspondents all tend that way. The Commission, while it has done well, is not likely to be retained as a part of the judicial system of the State. Less than three weeks remain in which to perfect this measure of relief to the Supreme Court, and provide litigants an opportunity for a speedy determination of their rights. A matter of such importance should not be left to the crowded days of the last week of the session. It is of sufficient importance to require early action. A high duty devolves upon the Assembly to give the Supreme Court time in which to carefully consider questions, and bring its decisions into more perfect harmony. The bill introduced by Senator Weir should be introduced, perfected, or a new one devised. A very little amendment in his bill would meet the suggestion that sessions should be held outside of Indianapolis, and yet obviate the expense attendant upon three Courts of three Judges each. By amendment create an additional Judge for the State at large, making six Judges in all, divide the Court into two divisions of three Judges each, require the Northern Division to hold the May term at Fort Wayne and the September term at Logansport, or select other places; the Southern Division to hold at Evansville and Terre Haute, or other central places, and the whole Court of six Judges at Indianapolis for the January term, and it will certainly be adequate to the present business. This plan would give two terms to Northern and two to Southern Indiana, with one for the Central, and only require six Judges. Cases of great importance could, by agreement, be heard at the Supreme Court Districts, and the objection that districts were being made for particular purposes or interests avoided. It would secure a Court divided in political sentiment, and obviate the charges that its creation was for political purposes only. It would adopt the main and substantial features of House bill 37 introduced last session by Mr. Will Frazer, of Kosciusko, one of the leading Republicans of the House, and which it is probable to presume received the endorsement of his father, Judge Frazer. It is late to formulate an entirely new measure creating new districts, and harmonize the conflict of views and interests that would thus arise. It is not possible in the short time allotted for such work to make at first a perfect system, but a beginning in the right direction can be made, and time will show the needed changes. It is important that the measure adopted shall be by its fairness, commend the confidence of the public and meet the emergency. It is worth the careful consideration of the most prudent members of the Assembly whether the best results can not be reached, adverse criticism avoided, by retaining the old Supreme Court Districts, with a Judge for the State, two terms north and two south, with one at the center.

THE HARTFORD CITY REVIVAL.
(Special Sentinel Letter.)

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Feb. 18.—I have refrained from writing any extended account of the very remarkable revival of religion at this place to the Sentinel, for fear of imposing upon the columns of your paper and time and patience of its readers, but now after it has been in progress for over a month, and has never failed, flagged or faltered in zeal, earnestness and remarkable success, I am impelled with the idea that your readers would be glad to have a truthful and unbiased account of the evangelist lady, Mrs. Woodworth, and her manner of conducting her meetings, also of the scenes expected during the revival here.

Mrs. Woodworth came to our city over one month ago, unheeded and unknown to only a few of our citizens. She came without "script or purse," and at once met with opposition, and in the church. All manner of perfidy and calumny was alleged against her, yet she braved it all and went about her labors calm and serene, and apparently undisturbed by what any one might say or do. But few attended her first meetings. A throng occurred. She excited the public mind, and from costly many went to see and hear the evangelist. Soon throngs were numerous, and several would be in a condition known as catechism at each meeting. Hundreds began to flock to the sanctuary, until the large and commodious building would not hold them. The Evangelist did not seem vain or given to egotism, but pursued her own method of conducting the revival. Mrs. Woodworth is about forty years of age, of medium height and prepossessing appearance, with a high forehead and of commanding presence, a lady that would attract attention anywhere. She is an earnest worker in the cause of her Master. Asks not, and apparently cares not for remuneration. Her husband is mentally and physically deficient and dependent upon her efforts for a living. While this is the case, though homeless and friendless only, as she excites sympathy and friendly feelings by her wonderful efforts in behalf of sinners. She labors on secular matters are foreign to her in conversation, and she will converse upon no subject other than religion. Uneducated, ungrammatical and without any marked genius for the mission in which she is engaged other than the zeal and earnestness for the salvation of mankind; yet no person, saint or sinner, so says the "oldest inhabitant," ever awakened the public mind to such a degree in regard to religion as this Evangelist. Over fifty have been in a trance at her meetings, and about 500 converts. Her influence wrought her work first upon these persons that were most debased and lowest down in sin and iniquity—some of the members had been frequent inmates of the prison for crime, for this she was commended by not only those outside the church, but many of the members indulged in expressions of derogatory to the proceedings. She heeded them not. Now after over a month in the work, she had sought other fields of conquest, and yet the work "goes on." John Cantwell, a leading attorney at the bar, a gentleman who hardly ever attended church like others, attracted no doubt through curiosity, went to see and hear this remarkable woman; and on

Sunday last, after sixty-two years, he says, in his, he was at the altar pleading for mercy. He expressed conversion, and last evening joined the Methodist Church, to which with several members of his family, Elsiea Pierce, another leading attorney, was so impressed by her earnest pleadings as to go to the altar, and he, too, professes to have found pardon. Last night at the M. E. Church a scene was enacted, the character of which was never before witnessed. The Evangelist lady took her departure day before yesterday, and was not present. During the services a Miss Nettie Ludworth went into a trance, and soon twelve more were in a like condition, and the meeting was held until 4 o'clock in the morning. The remarkable part of this meeting was in the fact that skeptics were induced to test in their own way the condition of Miss Ludworth. One young man for a few minutes gazed upon her pallid features and into her wide-starting and sightless eyes, and soon he too was stretched out near the altar. Others attempted investigation in the same manner, and not one but what was affected, and several of them tranced. Many have been tranced at home, and yesterday three trances occurred at the homes of the subjects. Everyone has an opinion, good or bad, and are very free to express the same. Old blind heads that had not seen the inside of a church for years have been frequenters of the sanctuary, and occupied front seats. Some of them would no more shake hands with the Evangelist than they would enter a cage of wild beasts. Mesmerism, magnetism, spiritualism, diabolism, in fact, nothing perditional, satanic or evil, but what has revealed a benefit. The only faculty left to those in a trance seems to be the sense of hearing, which is rendered far more acute. The pupil of the eyes are dilated to their fullest capacity, the power of speech is lost, and all the external senses are lost except hearing. Many have visions. Some assert they have been to the bottomless pit, and heard seraphic chorists chanting the melody of heaven. Some converse with dead kindred, some are perfectly oblivious and totally unconscious to all around them, but everyone seemed to enjoy the sensations attending these tranced conditions. At least forty reporters have been here, and one of the many hundreds that have attended, not one but what could explain it all in a minute; but when pressed for an explanation were "dumb as an oyster." Your reporter has examined and conversed with over forty of these subjects, and we are ready to believe, by anyone at this late hour as to just what it is. It is not true catechism, the conditions are not all present; it is not ecstasies, for the incentive or requirements to superinducing "that condition" are absent. We predict that evil consequences will flow to some of these tranced persons, and it may be possible, if not probable, that insanity will be the result. Some of the cases simulate catechism so closely that we would believe them all to be catechism, or tranced, was it not that in others nearly all the conditions are wanting.

THE ART OF GETTING VIGOROUS.
Is comprised in one very simple piece of advice—improved digestion. No elaborate system of dietetics is needed. If you lack vigor, use systematically that simple promoter of it, Host's Stomach Bitters. If you take this, and do not commit any excesses, there is no reason why you should not gain in strength, appetite and weight. Hosts of whom invalids are to-day building a foundation for years of vigorous health with this sound and thorough renovator of a dilapidated physique and failing energy. Dyspepsia is eradicated by it, and the constitution fortified against disorders to which, if it were exposed, it must surely succumb—namely, indigestion, Rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, nervousness, and their various symptoms, disappear when it is used with persistency, not abandoned after a brief and irregular trial.

Meat Pie.—Chop very finely any kind of cold meats—two or three kinds, such as ham and corned beef, and veal, lamb and mutton, can be mixed together with good results. Place the chopped meats in a deep soap plate or a pie dish, and season it well with salt and pepper and two tablespoonsful of tomato or Chili sauce, and add the gravy that was left from the roast or broiled meat. Boll and mash potatoes and cover the top of the meat with them well seasoned, and scatter over the top a layer of bread or cracker crumbs, with bits of butter scattered placed over them. Cut it into little squares with a hot knife. It is an order for a cold day, or hour, or until handsomely browned. Serve in the same dish for breakfast.

Especially to Women.
"Sweet is revenge, especially to women," said the gifted and noble Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying many of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely or severely, in Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action, it is a blessing, especially to women, and to men, too, for when women suffer the household is askew.

Now, when cows should be bled at night, to protect them from cold, rains and storms, the farmer should see to it that the stable is kept scrupulously clean. Cows neglected in this respect will not yield so much milk, and unless the milk can come through clean legs and uncontaminated by odors of fresh excrement, it will not be fit for any use.

Whole, oats, wheat, bran and corn meal form an excellent ration for young stock. The health and complete and symmetrical growth of the body are best secured by feeding a variety of grain.

Christian forbearance is a virtue, but there are times when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Especially in this case where people will continue suffering from ailments which proper treatment would cure. There is no more distressing ailment than piles, but it will be found to yield readily to Mishi's Herb Bitters. A lady of Lancaster, Pa., writes: "I take great pleasure in saying I have been entirely cured of piles, with which I was afflicted for seven years, by the use of your bitters."

Having sold your excellent preparation, please send me 40 for the past year's course. I have given entire satisfaction to all who have used it, and I am anxious to recommend it to all who are afflicted with the same. J. C. Williams & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Manhood Restored.
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WASHINGTON FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY,

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at No. 35 State Street, Boston, Mass.

The Amount of its Capital is.....\$1,000,000 00

The Amount of its Capital paid up is.....1,000,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents or other persons.....142,631 57

Bonds owned by the Company, bearing interest at the rate of — per cent, secured as follows, market value:

United States 4 and 5% Bonds.....162,023 00

City of Boston 5% Bonds.....133,100 00

Railroad and Navigation 6, 7 and 8% Bonds.....268,725 00

Bank Stocks.....121,094 00

Loans on Bonds and Mortgages of Real Estate worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged, and free from any prior incumbrance.....41,700 00

Debits otherwise secured—Collateral Loans.....85,000 00

Debits for premiums.....92,059 26

All other securities—Marine premium notes, \$4,196.25. Accrued interest, \$4,182.07.....1,878 85

Total Assets.....\$1,697,414 73

LIABILITIES.

Losses in suspense, waiting for further proof.....127,320 00

All other claims against the Company.....42,735 27

Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks.....42,735 27

Total Liabilities.....\$170,785 54

The greatest amount in any one risk.....25,000 00

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.

I, the undersigned, Auditor of State of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the condition of the above mentioned Company, on the 31st day of December, 1884, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal, this 12th day of February, 1885.

JAMES H. RICE, Auditor of State.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at Nos. 85 and 87 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

The Amount of its Capital is.....\$1,000,000 00

The Amount of its Capital paid up is.....300,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand, and in the hands of Agents or other persons.....\$ 23,411 42

Real Estate unincumbered.....1,800 00

Bonds owned by the Company, bearing interest at the rate of — per cent, secured as follows, market value:

United States 4 and 5% Bonds.....23,411 42

City of Boston 5% Bonds.....133,100 00

Railroad and Navigation 6, 7 and 8% Bonds.....268,725 00

Bank Stocks.....121,094 00

Loans on Bonds and Mortgages of Real Estate worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged, and free from any prior incumbrance.....41,700 00

Debits otherwise secured.....85,000 00

Debits for premiums.....92,059 26

All other securities.....1,878 85

Total Assets.....\$1,697,414 73

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and not due.....\$ 30,741 41

Losses in suspense, waiting for further proof.....23,024 57

All other claims against the Company.....42,735 27

Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks.....42,735 27

Total Liabilities.....\$170,785 54

The greatest amount in any one risk.....25,000 00

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.

I, the undersigned, Auditor of State of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the condition of the above mentioned Company, on the 31st day of December, 1884, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal, this 12th day of February, 1885.

JAMES H. RICE, Auditor of State.

GUARANTEE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA,

On the 31st day of December, 1884.

Located at Nos. 260 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

The Amount of its Capital is.....\$1,000,000 00

The Amount of its Capital paid up is.....300,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand, and in the hands of Agents or other persons.....\$ 45,000 00

Real Estate unincumbered.....1,800 00

Bonds owned by the Company bearing interest at the rate of 4, 5, 6 and 7 per cent, secured as follows, market value:

United States 4 and 5% Bonds.....23,411 42

City of Boston 5% Bonds.....133,100 00

Railroad and Corporation.....268,725 00

State and Municipal.....121,094 00

Loans on Bonds and Mortgages of Real Estate worth double